SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

- When spring comes laughing By vale and hill,
- By wind-flower walking And daffoldi, Sing stars of morning, Sing morning skies, Sing bine of speedwell,
- And my love's eyes. When comes the summer, Full-leaved and strong,
- And gay birds gossip. The orchard long. The orchard long, Sing hid, sweet honey, That no bee sips; Bing red, red roses,

And my love's lips.

- When autumn scatters The leaves again,
 And piled sheaves bury,
 The broad-wheeled wain;
- Sing flutes of harvest, Where men rejoice; And my love's voice.
- But when comes winter, With hall and storm, And red fire rearing. And ingle warm;
- And my love's heart. -Austin Dobson.

A MAGDALEN OF THE FRONTIER

"A. D. F." in Sau Francisco Argunaul, The sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven By man is cursed alway.

The ceach came sliding and grating down the long hill; it swung floutingly through the miserable hovels of the Mexican quarter, rattled past the brilliant temptation of the "Continual" valoon and the less imposing facade of Trellcott's opposition establishment. "Big Jim," the driver, found an unthonged spot on the side of his horses, and so persuaded them to a final spurt, which should emphasize the suddenness of the pull up on the postoffice corner. All the men there under the cottonwoods swayed and surged for a vantage ground

whence to peer into the stage.
"Not a d-d passenger!" cried Alf "Boys, this camp's peterin' out just about as fast as the law allows, an' a little more so. This is the fourth night the coach's come in empty. What the

"Dry up, Alf!" It was Bruce Stewart, the blonde young deputy sheriff, who rode guard over the treasure box, now nimbly springing down from the top, Winchester "Give us a rest on your French talk. That's an old lady in there-a saintly old tenderfoot-God help her He opened the coach door and made a

baluster of his strong young arm.
"Now, ma'am, here you are at the office, if you'd like to inquire. Maybe some of these old citizens might tell you about your daughter—sorry I'm a stranger here, you might say," with an admonishing frown at the crowd. He guided the old frown at the crowd. He guided the old lady into the house, and pulled forward a big chair, then faced the gathering group, flushed and breathing hard. "Well, this stumps me!" He pushed his way to the door, then raising his voice acain, cried loudly in slangy Spanish: "Play numskull, every man-jack of you! That poor old soni has come out here to find her daughter, that she thinks is teaching school—she told me all about it, coming up on the stage. It won't do to let her find out about it to-night, anyway—it's Carrie!"

Carrie!"
Then Mr. Stowart retreated with precipitation. He had killed his man at Georgetown, an adjacent camp, and, as to physical daring, perhaps no man in the county had greater hardihood. But his moral courage was not equal to this situation, and so Bruce Stewart fled the

Every man in the postoffice drug store had understood the vane Every man in the postoffice drug store had understood the young deputy's admonitiou, and all eyes turned on the tiny old figure sitting in their midst, all quaint and travel-worn, but still quite solf-possessed. A very little old lady she was, with delicate features and wax-like coloring. A bunch of feathery white curls escaped from her bounet at either temple, in a fashion of years long gone. Her raiment was not antiquated, either as to fairle or fashioning, and yet, to a fanciful mind, it would suggest a lingering fragrance of lavender and faded rose leaves, or kindred essences, whose very leaves, or kindred essences, whose very ories now are relegated amid the

memories now are relegated amid the things of a shadowy past.

After the secession of Bruce Stewart, the old lady sat a few moments giancing about with quiet composure. If the novelty of the scene surprised her she made no signs. Neither did she succumb to she would go down to the 'Continual' fatigue. She held her light share creet as a girl's when she approached the post-

"Are you the gentleman in charge?" she said, with a precise courtesy; and her thin, soft tone was a vocal rendering of old-fash oned, slanting, Italian chirog-

old-fashioned, slanting, Italian chirography, "Ah—the postmisser—yes. Then no doubt you will be able to direct me to my daugnter—Miss Piatt. She—she is engaged in the profession of teaching."
Doctor Lucasadjusted his glasses on his thin, sharp nose, and looked at her crossly. He was probably the only man in the room who had not felt a thrill of chivalric sympathy at sight of her. He was a lean, dark, sallow, snappish little man, in chronic ill-humor, thanks to the rapid decline of business in the town, and the brow-beating of his virago wife. Tonight he was in even worse than usual the brow-heating of mis virings while. Tonight he was in even worse than usual
temper, on account of the coach's late
arrival and the crowd in the drug store
keeping him on duty there, while an overworked deputy, visible through the glass
front of the postoffice inclosure, struggled
alone through distribution of the mail.

He would have liked to drive the con-He would have liked to drive the conwithout and close the doors upon

new without and close the doors upon them. Failing safety in that measure, he obeyed his instinct to builty a creature weaker than himself.

"Thero's only one schoolma'am in town, and he's a man!" he snarled. "I don't know anything about your daughter—she's not my sort. You'd better go over to Paniel's. Guess they can give you all the information you want."

She looked at him in doubt and wonder. In all her life her exquisits dolicacy and femininity had warded oil from her such roughness as this. A murmur of indignation began in the room, but it was silenced by one sweeping glance of

was silenced by one aweeping glance of significance from the bright bine eyes of a man who came forward and bent his stately head to the old lady with perfect

That suggestion is not a bad one; our "That suggestion is not a bad one; our friend here is uncultured and unmannerly, but he means well—we will take it for granted that he means well. Madam, will you accept my escort to seek your daughter? It may be an undertaking of time—life in this section is busy and hustling—people are self-centered, and pay little attention to their neighbors—the faculties of perception and observation become diminished!—— As he led his charge away the pleasant cadence of the faculties of perception and observa-tion become diministed"— As he led his charge away, the pleasant cadence of his soft, southern tone died away in the safe generalizing of platitudes, uttered with the intent of soothing while he

gained time.

Every man in the drug store breathed freer, satisfied of this issue of this difficult and painful matter, since Georgs Locke's tact and ingenuity would direct its arrangement. But one young fellow walked briskly to the postmaster, rubbing walked brigkly to the positionister, rubbing his broad hands in a very agony of indignation and disgust. His jaunty attirs, asture, slim German face, and sliding step made up an anomalous ensemble. This was Barney Heiman, the butcher. He exercised a shrewd business faculty, and was always amply in funds; his unclaimed was researched with these resources.

peaceful-minded, and all that, but I just early triand no such o'iry way of talkin' to a lady—and an old lady, too. I'd have taken a hand myself, but—why; to talk to a lady—and an old lady, too. I'd have taken a hand myself, but—why; to talk to a lady, tipast breaks me all up. But I'd just 's soon tell a man what I think of him—even if I'ds not very complimentary—as I would to lasso a crittor. And I think it's mighty rough for your to abuse and talk hard to an old lady about her daughter that she can't help about, and you got half a dozen half-brien the proper and I think a man can be a man, if he is a gambler—if he ain't a tin born gambler—and I think a man can stand man gambler—and I think a man can stand way up in a town and still want jumpin' on the worsk kind! And I wouldn't stop much at doin' it."

Barney's tirade met with approval; more particularity the clause referring to the half gambe balletast children Dr. Lucas had ignored since his marriage. Such a storm of reproach assailed Dr. Lucas as made him bend his cravan head. Matters might have become serious for him bits of the regretal than the could be so acrow-minded. Mary from the worse become serious for him bits of the regretal that be in this cravan head. Matters might have become serious for him bits of the drugs!

"Suot worth thrashin', Ba'noy! Doc, of 'shery' duckin', 'I millin' pond,' a 'I'd gover to do the drugs!". "Suot worth thrashin', Ba'noy! Doc, of 'shery' duckin', 'I millin' pond,' and 'Boy of 'the company of the careful tread of that tiny ignure beside him, swilly revolved in his mind the singless as your own, mand all the statution, and determined to conduct his charge to a bottle assumed to be 'Daniel's,' where he could, by collusion with the people, defend her from undesirable where he could, by collusion with the people, defend her from undesirable her had not an advertage of the careful tread of that tiny ignure beside him, swilly revolved in his mind the singless as your own, mand all the statution, and determined to conduct his

charge to a hotel, assumed to be "Daniel's," where he could, by collusion with the people, defend her from undesirable hopeple, defend her from undesirable information, at least until she should be strengthened by a night's rest. What, then, was his dismay when the dainty tootsteps paused on the broad sidewalk before a door whose streaming light made distinct the sign before the building—"Daniel's." She dropped his arm and went straight in at the wide door.

"Is—is Daniel's a tavern? Have I come into the wrong place?"

She looked about at the unwonted surroundings—tiers of barrels, long shelves

roundings—tiers of barrels, long shelves of flasks and bottles. Some young men were lounging in large came arm chairs, and snother, coatless, came forward from a tall desk."

"What place of business do you keep?"
the old lays asked politair.

and accompany the Aylmer in one of her

and accompany the Aylmer in one of her songs!"

Mistake, Jack. You don't know Mary French's true heart and sweet, womanly charity as I do. Jack, it's a great pity you two could not have met on equal ground. Or, falling that it's apity you ever mot at all. Confound this free and easy frontier life! In any place where social regulations exist Mary French would never have come in contact with a man in your position, and you'd have been spared a deal of suffering."
"George," cried the other, fiercely, "what's the matter with you to-night?"

For, indeed, this turning the knife in another's wound was most uncharitable of George Locke, the tactrul. He put his hand on the young man's shoulder. "Jack," he said—and the tenderness of his tone was like the tenderness of a

"Jack," he said—and the tenderness of his tone was like the tenderness of a father—"Jack, don't you know I saw how deep a wound you got to-night from Carrie's mother? You're fighting against your love. Give it all up, and go away from this. Begin all overin a new country, and with Mary French—I believe you could do it. You ought. Nature made you for each other."

"See here," said Danial doggedly, "if you want to risk your own fate, don't let any scruple about interfering with medeter you. I've had my little lesson; I shall never aspire to Mrs. French's hand again. Meauwhile, that poor old soul is left, forlorn and weary, in a place that seems to her poliating, no doubt. Let us get back to her."

"Jack," said Locke, "I will tell you a bit of a secret. I am not a marrying man. Twas married at 25 and within a vegar to the property of the residual pitis fully. "It hink her mother's suffering with you."

"Jack," said Locke, "I will tell you a bit of a secret. I am not a marrying man. I was married at 25, and within a yoar my wife became insane. Hereditary—but it had been kept from her, poor girl! She has been in the insane asylum these twelve years. Now, as you say, let us re-turn to Mrs. Platt. Make some excuses for my leaving her, and dally about for a while before you bring her up to Mrs. French's. I must have time to explain

a while before you bring her up to Mrs. French's. I must have time to explain to Mary."

"All right; but you understand I have nothing to do with to-morrow's business. Barney Heiman will help you. He's just the man—honest, and hearty, land true; not so overburdened with style as same of the fellows who rank him."

"You'll come with Carrie, yourself," said George Locke, bluntly.

"Not I! Good God! dou't you see the difficulty of the situation—the delicacy? How can I meet Mary French in company with the Aylmer?"

How can I meet Mary French in company with the Aylmer?"
"None the less you will do it. Precisely for the reason of your complicated relations we don't want Barney Heiman, or any other, involved. Come, Jack, brace up and have some style about you," said Locke, disguising his sympathy in slang," "You must meet the obligations you have incurred. You're not the first man who has found 'his honor rooted in dishonor."

adamons.

This was Barney Heiman, the butcher. He exercised a shrewd business facuity, and was always amply in funds; his unfailing generosity with those resources gave him an assured standing among men, and might have secured him position in the heterogeneous social life of the town had he cared for such distinction. Moreover, his very soul was instinct with the limate chivalry that strikes root deeper than that which is learned at court.

"See here, Br, Lucasi" he said; "I'm step and the plant of the said; "I'm step and the said; "I'm step and

casm:
"She has made a veritable crusade against the young lade, mere boys, who used to haunt the saloous—calls them up

roundings—ters of barrels, long shelves of flasks and bottles. Some young men were lounging in large cane arm chairs, and another, coatless, came forward from a tail desk."

"What place of business do you keep?" the old lady asked politely.

He was a dark, boyish-looking young follow, until one noticed the thoughtful brow and gray eyes, that belied his smooth cheeks and pleasure-loving mouth. He flushed as he answered, very gently:

"We are liquor dealers."

The old lady staggered slightly, almost as if the winey fumes began to affect her. Then she turned, with a certain timid flerceness, to George Locke, standing in the doorway, pale and disconcerted.

"Why did that man send me to find news of my daughter here—at a saloon?"

Young Daniel's face flushed. He could hardly have gotton a keener stab than this, that struck home to his own deep weense of shame in his business. There was something very noble and brave in the young man's nature, subject as he had been to life-long evils of circumstance—surrounding and training. George Locke hardly knew which of the two he meet pitied, as he interposed:

"Oh, that's simple enough. You see, all the news from outside comes here to "When will she be here—that dear, "When w

Stance—surrounding and training. George Locke hardly knew which of the two he most pitted, as he interposed:

"Oh, that's simple enough. You see, all the news from outside comes here to Daniel's first. Jack"—with a look of meaning and caution—"have you heard how Carrie is getting along with her new school, over at Flintville? This lady is her mother. She don't know just where Carrie is now."

His peculiar emphasis put on guard the young man, ready-witted and clever, and educated to quick expedients by the practical exigencies of the section.

"No." replied young Daniel, pleasantly; "no mail has come in yet. You know she only went over to Flintville last Monday. We'll hear from there to-morrow or next day."

"We might go around to the hotel and make sure," said George Locke. "Mrs. Platt, will you await me here? Oh! I assure you there is no impropriety. The most irreproachable ladies of the camp make no scruple of coming in here to see the collection of minorals and ores. These things are different on the frontier, you know. Here, Henry, will you show Mrs. Piatt your cabinet?"

"I do not doubt that ouxed into his face with eyes full of infinite enthusiasm and yearning pity, well night divine.

"When will she be here—that dear, old, lonely mother? Oh, we will be so good to her, will we not? And you—you really believed in my heartiesances—you reall

sad, the whole face was the face of a suf-fering angel. She held one lovely hand toward the twain within the room, and the sweet, sad lips spoke. "Mother-return!"

Then swiftly and silently the vision

Jack Daniel did not tarry with the psoude news he bore. The mother had not spoken when he came in. The details of his story had been skillfully details of his story had broken out in Small-nox had broken out in tails of his story had been skillfully devised. Small-pox had broken out in Fintville the week of the teacher's advent there. She had contracted the scourge, and a sudden chill had driven it in with swift congestion. Death had come very soon, and immediate interment had been needful. She had died with her mother's name upon her lips. Watching the mother carefully, the young man was going on with tentative platitudes of ayangathy, and the regrets of those who

Ayiner. She cowered like some stricken creature, still veiled by the foamy masses of clinging tulle that had made her appearance at the window ghost like. The Creole touched their hostess, bending down humid eyes.

"Say something to her," he said pitifully. "I think her mother's suffering hurts her less than her position with you. She would not stay in here with Daulel, but made him go and leave me with her."

stood here with his face downcast in conscious shame for his relation with this
fallen creature. She must ply her nefarious acts on some other man trading on his
chivalry. Mrs. French's face hardened as
her heart grew hard again. The crouching
woman lifted her tear-stained visage and
came to stand before the other, with
pleading written on every line of her
bearing.

"I have no right to even thank you,"
she said, "and yet I would lay down my
life for your pleasure. Don't think I do
not feel my shame; I even recognize the
mockery of being wrapped in this." she stood here with his face downcast in con-

not feel my shame; I even recognize the mockery of being wranped in this." she bent her lips gratefully and reverently to the airy gauze about her. It was Mary French's bridal voil that she had brought out hastily when their project had been found to lack such an accessory. "Oh, there is nothing like a woman's kindness to a woman! The love of man, at best, is only a solfish passion. In all the greatost crises of a woman's life she wants a woman's ministering. I have been so long shut out from that sweet consolation; oh, for my very soul's aske, speak to me and help me!"

But Mrs. French stepped back and answered coldly:

Mrs. Platt half ross from her place.
"That—sh, that voice sounds like my poor dead daughters!" And, as the coach lurched away, she hid her face on George Locke's shoulder, with an out-burst of tears that were the first she had seed in her sad, sorrowful sojourn there.

BEAUTY OF A CHILD'S LIFE. Prentice Mulford on the Text "Except Ye Become as Little Children." Boston Globe.

Prentice Mulford, the well-known newspaper correspondent, spoke at a meeting of the Society of the White Cross, at No. 712 Washington street, yesterday morning, taking for his text, "Except Ye Be-come as Little Children, Ye Cannot Enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

come as Little Children, Ye Cannot Enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

"What I give," said Mr. Mulford, "I give simply as suggestions; I do not assume to be a teacher. The text, I think, applies to the intuitive knowledge of a child in regard to character. We are the inhabitants, not of the earth only, but of a boundless universe. Eternity of time, eternity of space, are dangerous, incompreheusible thoughts. After all, how much of things deemed most familiar do we know? What is mind? Why, mind is mind; that's all we know of it. We must know a great deal relatively to realize how much we do not know.

"Less than twenty years ago, perhaps, the ablest editor in the country wrote an article to prove that it would be impossible to cable across the ocean, and he proved it! The medical practice of forty years ago would not be tolerated to-day. The average of life to-day is longer than it was forty years ago. The last great enemy to be destroyed is death, according to the Biblical record. I think that a child, as long as he remains a child, has more spirituality than most grown-up people. We need to perpetuate as far as possible this spirit of childhood."

Mr. Mulford then spoke at length against the manner in which most children were brought up. "I had rather," he said, "use a 4-year-old child as a tester of character than an average person 40 years of age. If the child is attracted by a person, good predominates on that person; if repelled, bad prodominates."

A Distilling Insect.

is but a clumsy and transparent effort.

And so it was that twenty-four hours of make sure," said George Locke. "Mrs. Platt, will you await me here? Oh! The most irrepreachable ladies of the came make no scruple of coming in here to see the collection of minorals and orces. These things are different on the frontier, you know. Here, Henry, will you show Mrs. Platt your cablinet?"

"Your plan seems to me far-fetched and melodramatic," said young Daniel, gloomily.

George Locke had unfolded his plan of action, based on information his protege had given in their slow walk from the postelles to "Daniel's." But all the southernor's magnetic aloquence could not convince the vounger man.

"It is a bit theatrical," Mr. Locke conceded, "but practical, I think. At all events, it's our only salvation."

"What is the use to discuss the matter," said Jack Daniel bitterly. Mrs. French would no more let the Aylmer come into her bowled that bands of waving golden hair, would no more let the Aylmer come into her bowled that bands of waving golden hair, would no more let the Aylmer come into her bowled that bands of waving golden hair, would no more let the Aylmer come into her bowled the bands of waving golden hair, would no more let the Aylmer come into her bowled the bands of waving golden hair, would no more let the Aylmer come into her bowled the bands of waving golden hair, would no more let the Aylmer come into her bowled the bands of waving golden hair, would no more let the Aylmer come into her bowled the bands of waving golden hair, would no more let the Aylmer come into her bowled her guest. It was not ifficult to understant her all the southernors and ferce. These and not antiquated simplicity.

Identically let the insects cluster with a lightly let the collection of more mystical and poetic phases of that the south that our dear ones return, who said; "but we do not perceive the more return, whe said; "but we do not perceive the more return, whe said; "but we do not perceive the more return, who said; the world's gr the insects and the tree, and destroyed all the vegetable tissue which carried the sap from the tree to the place where the insects were distilling. The distillation was then going on at the rate of one drop in every sixty-seven seconds, or five and a half tablespoonsful every twenty-four hours. Next morning, although the supplies of sap was stopped, supposing them to come up from the ground, the fluid was increased to one drop every five seconds, or one pint in every twenty-four hours. He then cut the branch so much that it broke, but they still went on at the rate of one drop every five seconds; while

were a head chief to succeed Tommy Lane, the present incumbent, and four sub chiefs or members of the reservation council. Persons unacquainted with the customs and laws governing Indian affairs have but little comprehension of the extent and power of this council. It sits as a court, and from its decisions there seems to be no appeal. It would be hard to define the limit of its legal powers. It can and does affix penalties which the laws and courts of Washington territory do not warrant, and they are scrupulously applied. For instance, a Frenchman was was brought before the council for loafing about the agency and dishonoring a squaw. He was sentenced to receive fifty lashes sub chiefs or members of the reservation He was sentenced to receive fifty lashes and have his head shaved and decorated with tar and feathers. He was tied to the flagstaff and the fifty lashes vigorously applied, after which the head-shaving and tar and feathers came off. The Indians had previously held a cau-

The Indians had previously held a caucus, made speeches, nominated candidates,
and made a cauvass of the tribe. Singular to say, the issue was republicans vademocrats, the tribes having divided into
parties bearing these names. The republicans had decorated the flagstaff with
banners on which were inscribed: "Hurrah for Blaine and Logan," "Republican
Victory," "Our Country Must Be Free
Forever." At the top of the staff floated
the stars and stripes, and patriotism was
everywhere manifest. The republicans
gained the victory by the election of Louis
Napoleon as head chief.

The American Eater.

Henry Irving says that of all the people on earth the American people eat with the most intelligence. It is plain to be seen that Mr. Irving means well, but it can't be possible that he has ever watched our people paralyze a sixty-minute meal in twenty minutes at a railroad saloon, or he never would have made that remark. When Americans partake of a twenty-minute railroad dinner intelligence takes a vacation. Everything is done on the get-there-Eli-plan, and he who eats the most is considered the best man.

THEY WILL SUBELY FIND YOU.—They are looking for you everywhere. Brads of air in unexpected places, going from hot rooms to cool ones, cardessness in changing clothing—in short, anything which ends in a "common coid in the head." Unless arrested this kind of cold becomes seated in the mucuous membrane of the head. Then it is Catarri. In any and all its singes this disease slways yields to Ely's Cream Baim. Applied to the nostrikawith the timpor. Nafe, streeable, permostrikawith the timpor. Nafe, streeable, permostrikawith the timpor. Nafe, streeable, permostrikawith the timpor. yields to Fly's Cream Raim. Applied to the nostrils with the tinger. Safe, acrocable, cer-tain. Price, 57 cents.

SKETCHES OF SITTING BULL. His Wives and Children-His Ways

of Life. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

born, or when. He is about 47 years old, and, being a Teeton, was probably born in central or southern Dakota. Four Bears, his uncle, says the place was near old Fort George, on Willow creek, near the mouth of the Cheyenne, on the west side of the Missouri river. His father was a rich chief, Jinoning Bull. At 10 years of age the Indian lad was famous as a hunter, his favorite game being Buffale calves. His father had hundreds of pretty white, gray, and rean ponies, and the boy never wanted for a borse. He killed more young buffaleses than any of his mates, and won pondarity by laying his game at the lodges of poorer Indians, who were unlucky in the chase. At 14 he killed an enemy, his name before had been Sacred (for wonderfu) Standshot. When he had killed his man and could boast a scalp, his mane was changed to Sitting Bull, though why the old man doesn't central or southern Dakota. Four Bears, scalp, his name was changed to Sitting Bull, though why the old man doesn't

know.

He has two wives, Was-Seen-by-the-Nation and the One-that-Had-Four-Robes. A third wife is dead. His chil-dren are all bright, handsome boys and Robes. A third wife is dead. His children are all bright, handsome boys and girls, hine in number; one, a young man about 18, is in a Catholic school near Chiengo. Sitting Bull himself is not a Catholic, as reported, nor is it likely that a man of his strength of mind will ever renounce the mysteries of his own savage religion, in which for so many years he has been a powerful high priest. One little boy, 6 years old, bright as a dollar and with eyes that fairly snap like whips, was with him at Buford when he surrendered. At the formal pow-wow the chief put his heavy rife in the little fellow's hands and ordered him to give it to Maj. Brotherton, saying: "I surrender this rife to you through my young son, whom I now desire to teach in this way that he has become a friend of the whites. I wish him to live as the whites do, and be taught in their schools. I wish to be remembered as the last man of my tribe who gave up his rifle. This boy has now given it to you, and he wants to know how he is going to make a living." Happily, Sitting Bull's anxiety for his children is being grandly met in the work of the Carlisle and Hampton schools and the gradually enlarging schools and academies planted by the missionaries throughout Dakota and the west. the missionaries throughout Dakota and

the missionaries throughout Dakota and the west.

Sitting Bull is a typical Indian. He is wide between the cheek bones, which are more than ordinarily prominent. His chin is sharp and long, and his mouth and dark eyes betoken great firmness of character. His dress is like that of any other half-civilized red man. He affects little silly ornaments that make his grim dignity very laughable. His voice is a deep, gruff bass. He shuffles along as he walks, stepping on the outer edge of the left foot, which was badly wounded years ago. The old man will live a good many years if smoking does not use him up. He got his first glimpse of civilization last winter, coming to St. Paul with Agent McLaughlin. The things that struck him most forcibly in his travels was the ballet which he saw at one of the theahim most forcibly in his travels was the ballet which he saw at one of the theaters. This is not remarkable, as Indian woman are never knewn to display their bodily charms as do the females of a superior race. This indecency, however, Sitting Bull looks upon as one of the supreme evidences of our greater civilization. Maj. McLaughlin says he would talk of nothing else on the way home. His great ambition in life now is to get a white wife. He says he would give two ponies for a ballet girl.

Angostura Bitters is known as the great regulator of the directive organs all over the world. Have it in your house. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

One of Clara's Early Friends.

New York Times.
Miss Clara Louise Kellogg is spending the golden days of autumn in Birmingthe golden days of autumn in Birmingham, Conn., the place of her nativity,
among old friends. She was much
amused yesterday during a call upon Miss
Mary Smith, a homespun dame, and one
of the old acttlers in the place, who is
quite deaf. Miss Kellogg was introduced
as the celebrated songress overybody had
heard of. "What did you say hor name
was?" said the old lady, putting her hand
up to her ear, "don't remember over to
have heern tell of her. Oh, yes, Louise
Kellogg; now I remember; used to sing
up to the Birmingham 'Piscopal church
when she was a gal, and Mary Smith
played the organ. But, deary me; that
was a long time ago. Do you sing there was a long time ago. Do you sing there News from the Weather Bureau of Interest to Every-

was a long time ago. Do you sing there now, Louise?"
"No, aunty," explainingly said a friend,
"Miss Kellogg is the prima donna, don't you know; and she has been heard all over the world."
"Well, I don't know about the 'prima

donna' part of t, but now I do remembe dona part of it, but now I do remember that the gal did have a purty loud voice—didn't suppose, though, it would ever come to be heard so far. But it was the singing skewls, I suppose, though, that did it. Well, well, and this is the little Louise? But, massy sakes, how you have growed."

"My wife has been a severe sufferer with in digestion and kidney and liver troubles, feared it would terminate in Bright's disease as there were the symptoms. She commenced using Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Remedy, and found by the use of only one bottle she had been relieved."—R. S. R. Armstrong, Auburn, N. Y.

Pen Mightier Than the Sword.

Rochester Post-Express.

Managing Editor—"I shall want an extra strong editorial on the situation of the French in China for to-morrow'

Yaper."
Editorial writer—"Very well, sir. I've been collecting materials for such an article for two days."
"What have you secured?"
"Several dozen Chinese laundry slips, the covering of half a dozen tea chests, and an extra-sized paste-pot. That's all I shall need."

"Why, man, are you crazy? You have forgotten the most important thing of all." Oh yes, sir-the foreign exchanges?

"No, sir-your shears. Liebeg Co.'s Coca Beef Tonle

Liebeg Co.'s Cora Beef Tonic has received Highest Medals at Principal Expositions. Indorsed and prescribed by the Medical Faculty here and abroad as the standard tonic. It embodies the untritive elements of the inscalar fiber, blood, bone, and brain of carefully selected, healthy bullocks combined with the powerful tonic virtues of Coca, or Sacred Life plant of Incas, and a choice quality of Sherry Wine, invaluable in dyspepsia, billicusness, kidney affections, female weakness, nervousness.



This modicine, combining Iron with pure vogetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralsta.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Ridneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache or predice constination—shor from medience do, It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Befching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

CAPITAL NEWS Sitting Bull doesn't know where he was

The Weekly National Republican

IS ALWAYS FULL OF IT.

IN ADDITION TO THE GENERAL NEWS OF THE DAY.

Every Number will contain More News from the Capital than any other paper in the country.

Every Number will contain Something that the Mer chant, the Manufacturer, the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Politician, and their Families cannot afford to do without.

Full Reports of All Congressional Proceedings.

Reports and Rulings from All the Departments.

News from the Agricultural Bureau not to be had elsewhere.

News from the Patent Office of Special Interest to Inventors.

Lists of Appointments by the President.

Interviews with Prominent Men of All Parties and on All Subjects.

Full and Impartial Reports of All Sorts of Conventions and Conferences held at the Capital.

Full Reports of Prominent Society Events and of the Inauguration Ceremonies.

News from the Pension Office of Special Interest to Soldiers and Their Families.

body.

News from the Scientific Departments and Institu tions.

Descriptions of the New War Vessels.

News from the Navy Yards, Forts, and Arsenals.

Descriptions of the New Arms manufactured under Government Direction.

Sketches of Personal Experience in the Late War by Both Federal and Confederate Soldiers.

Every Letter from Subscribers will receive attention. All Questions answered through the paper or by letter, and any information that can be obtained will be cheerfully procured for subscribers on application.

Send on Your Subscriptions!

ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO SUBSCRIBE.

Only 15c for the Remainder of the Campaign 25c for the Remainder of the Year, And \$1.25 to January 1st, 1886.

All Remittances should be by Draft or Post Office Order, paya-

The National Republican Co., WASHINGTON, D. C.